MENTAL PICTURES.

The Mistake One Man Made and the Result.

"Did you ever notice that when an idea becomes fixed in the mind it is very difficult to change it, especially in the case of extremely sensitive and highly nervous persons?" asked a Brooklyn expert on nerves. "Not long ago I had a visit from a man who was afraid he was losing his reason because of a very simple persistence of a certain thought or idea which he could not shake off. The history of the case is one often found in cases of hypochondriasis developed from using the telephone. My patient for about a year's time had occasion to telephone every day to a trade customer in New York—Manhattan, if you like. The New Yorker had a peculiar high tenor squeak to his voice, and somehow my friend got to picturing him as a little chap with a thin face. This habit grew day after day until the customer took a real shape and form in the mind of my patient, all based, of course, upon his voice. As he talked over the telephone there always was mentally pictured that little chap with the thin face and squeaky voice. Well, one day my patient called at the office of his New York customer, and as he walked into the place and saw a tall, fat man weighing nearly 300 pounds he could scarcely believe his eyes. When the fat man opened his mouth and talked, my patient says, the squeaky voice with which he was familiar sounded strange and unnatural. He told the owner of the absurd voice, in view of his size about having pictured him as a little thin person, and there was a good laugh over the odd difference of the reality.

"But the next day when my friend used the telephone and the squeaky voice came to him, he had to struggle to get away from thinking of his fat patron as being little and thin. He talked the matter over with his wife and laughed about it, but soon there came a time when he forgot all about the actual existence of his customer, and the little thin-faced chap was again talking to him over the wire. Then it was that he came to see me. He feared, he said, that his mind was giving away, because of the persistence of the odd picture of the thin man. I thought the case was easily disposed of, and told my friend to go to New York every day for a week and visit his fat customer. This he did, but every time he telephoned the squeaky voice would bring up the mental picture formed before he had set eyes on its owner.

"I was in despair and my patient was growing gray from worrying when I hit upon the happy expedient of placing a photograph of the fat man on the telephone, where the eye of the patient could rest upon it as he talked. The result was the disappearance forever of the thin chap. My patient, in looking at the picture of the owner of the squeaky voice, got his mind working upon the same lines that would have been followed had he met the fat man face to face the first time he heard his voice. These cases are common every day. We form queerly opposite pictures of men and women we hear over the telephone and never see, but in the great majority of instances, the impression is a momentary one, and it is seldom that the mistake is ever forced upon us in the startling way described by the patient I told of.

"The telephone, by the way, has produced very many queer cases of neurasthenia that remain unaccountable excepting on the hypothesis that the new habit brings them into existence. I have had very many patients who had to give up the use of the 'phone altogether where it had been used to a great extent before."

The Tanning Industry in Japan.

In a recent report on the leather industry in Japan, United States Consul Samuel S. Lyons of Osaka says there are but two tanneries of any importance in operation throughout Japan—one located in Osaka and the other in Tokio—and they are chiefly occupied in supplying the leather wants of the army and navy.

A large tanning establishment is located near Kobe. It was formerly under European management, but, after several unsuccessful attempts to operate it, it has been closed. There are, however, many small "home tanneries" in this country, and they are operated exclusively by the "Etas," a class of persons whose occupation is looked upon as unclean. The beggars "Kojiki" constitute the lowest class in Japan, and next above them are the "Eta," who monopolize the occupation of killing animals for food, the tanning and dressing of leather, grave digging and similar work. The "Etas" are popularly supposed to be in possession of a secret method of tanning.

Tanning being looked upon in Japan as a degrading calling, it is not probable that the industry will materially improve here in the near future; and it is for that reason, together with the additional ones that cattle are scarce in this country, and that there is a growing demand in Japan for leather of all kinds, that the United States has a field in which it may largely increase its exportation of this article year by year.—The Manufacturer.

Hair for Manufacturing Purposes.

The hair of the wild animals of South America is in great demand in America and Britain for manufacturing purposes. The reason is obvious. It is longer than the hair of animals in almost any other section of the world. First quality horse hair is chiefly supplied by South American wild horses for haircloth and upholstery. The tails and manes are generally used, and owners of horses bind the hair up in coils. Hair which is over sixteen inches long is utilized for the manufacture of haircloth; second quality is a mixture of the short hairs of horses and cattle, and third rate is Siberian goat hair. All these varieties of the hair of horses, cattle and goats fetch a good price in upholstery circles in the United Kingdom and the United States.

Condensed.

Smoked snow water is a favorite tipple in Lapland.

The Empress of China travels with 3,000 costumes in 600 trunks in charge of 1,200 servants.

The blood completes its circulation through the body in twenty-two seconds. Every three minutes all of the blood of the body is vitalized.

NO ENGLISH LAW.

AN IOWA JUDGE WHO WOULD HAVE NONE OF IT IN HIS COURT.

Law Made in the United States Was Good Enough for Him—Never Heard of the Word "Barrister"—What Jim Burton Said of Chitty.

While sitting at a hotel table in a small city of southern Iowa, a short time ago I got into a conversation with a well-known lawyer, and remarked that the death of Sir Joseph Chitty had removed the one prominent lawyer who would have been anything like a match for anyone in the arts of chaff and word fencing. The General seemed surprised that a lawyer named Chitty had been alive within the present year.

"Why, bless my soul," he said, "nearly half a century ago when I began to study law, I used to tear my hair over one Chitty, whose book on pleadings was as hard as nails, and over another book written by a man of the same name on contracts.

I told him that for five or six generations there had always been some man named Chitty in the front rank of the legal profession.

After a few other reminiscences the Iowa lawyer turned to me and said:

"Let me tell you what I remember about Chitty, and I have never been in England. Like most young men of my time in Iowa—about the middle of the century—I had to hustle to get a profession, and when I got it the difficulty was to make anything out of it. I hung out my shingle, and for many a weary month watched it rusting and swinging in the breeze.

"Suddenly came the call to action. A neighboring farmer bought a horse that soon manifested all the defects that such animals are capable of possessing. The farmer came to me as a client and told me he wanted to get his money back and to return the horse. I went into the facts with him, and from what he told me I felt able to advise him that the seller had given him a verbal guarantee of soundness. This was enough. He told me to proceed with the case.

"The trial was to take place before a Justice of the Peace in an adjacent township. So on the day appointed I borrowed a horse, put on a black coat and a plug hat, and with a copy of Chitty—the only law book I possessed bearing on the case however remotely—in my saddle-bag, I went on my way. In those days we took our law wherever we could find it, and law books were scarce. After my statement of the facts I produced my Chitty and read what the great legal light had to say on the subject of a verbal guarantee.

"And then, while working up to my 'perioration,' I closed the book and laid it on the table. The opposing counsel—who, by the way, was a local roustabout that had never been admitted to the Bar—took up the book and opened it at the title page. He read it carefully, his bleary eyes following slowly his dirty thumb. He looked up at me with a scowl, threw a fierce glance around the room, and then fixed his eyes on the Judge.

"When I was through, quite satisfied that the Judge had been impressed by my argument and authorities, Jim Burton—that was the other fellow's name—bounced to his legs. 'Yer honor,' he said, 'this is a most extraornary way for a lawyer to defend his cause in your court. I hold in my hand the authority from which so much has been quoted. You may like to hear something about this wonderful authority law. Here it is, right on the first page. This old book, with the broken back to indicate the rottenness of the law it pretends to expound, was written, it seems, by a man named Joseph Chitty, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, London, England. Your honor never heard of Joseph Chitty, Esq., no more'n I did, I bet. No man in this court ever heard tell of him. Nobody in this township knows who he is or was. Barrister-at-law!

"What's that? In the name of all that's holy! We've heerd of attorney, and solicitor, counsel, advocate, judge, jury and prisoner at the bar but whoever heerd tell of barrister before this? The only fair presumption, yer Honor, is that 'tis some scallywag that was brought up to the bar to have a drink—the whiskey bar—an' they call such fellows in England barristers! An' ye see such presumption must be right, because the writer—who, for all we know, may be nothin' more than a plaguerist—lives in an inn, a common, low dive of a place, a tavern, a third-rate hotel, as yer Honor knows such places are called in England.

"Yer Honor, are we here in Iowa to take our law from some travelin' circus man that was brought up to the whisky bar an' lives in one of them dens of infamy, that the Britishers call an inn? Yer Honor, I want to ask the Court if the law made here in the United States of America isn't good enough for us? When we have to decide on the merits of a horse, owned by a reputable farmer in the State of Iowa, must we go for instructions to one of them bloody, brutal Britishers that we kicked out of this country so many years ago? Yer Honor will, of course, dismiss this case, an' send my friend with the plug hat back to his home with a flea in his ear, an' broken-backed Chitty, Esq., of the London tavern to keep him company.

"This was said with a fury that roused the angry passions of the Court and court room. 'The case is dismissed,' said the Judge; 'we don't want no British law from the dwellers in London taverns in this court. You're right, Jim Burton. The Court is with you.'

"Leaving the room, I had a talk with my client, and told him that of course we would take an appeal. 'Young man,' he said, 'is that straight what Jim Burton says? Was that d—d book of yours writ by an Englishman?' I replied that Chitty was the greatest living authority on the law of contracts.

"He looked at me viciously as he chewed his tobacco and said with infinite scorn: 'Young man, with the plug hat, go home. Have no more to do with my business. I'll get some fellows in future that knows the law of this Congressional Deestrict. You an' your British law be blanked!'

"So you see Jim Burton knocked out the Englishman. That experience with Chitty ruined my practice for some time, and it took many a year to get over it."—Chicago Post.

SNAKES AND NOTHING ELSE

The Sole Product of Linkville Near Southern Border of Oregon.

"Linkville," or "Klamath Falls," is situated in an obscure corner over the California border line in Oregon, and may be reached in twenty-four hours' travel from San Francisco. You have only to take the northern-bound train for Ager, thence a stage line of about twenty miles conducts you to your destination.

It is impossible to associate "snakes" with the beautiful and varying scenery through which you pass as far as Klamath Hot Springs. Trees and streams and all the glories of mountain scenery greet you on every hand. You drive through a luxurious growth of evergreens and shrubbery; you cross and recross numerous streams; you breathe the soft air of Shasta and Siskiyou. But when you have left Klamath Hot Springs a few miles behind, there is an appreciable difference in the landscape. Sparcity of vegetation is the first observable change. At every turn of the road, the aspect becomes more barren, more forlorn, and more desolate. Finally, you seek in vain for a tree or a shrub, and at last, dust-covered and weary, you pull up at a dry, withered village that produces nothing on its hard, rocky soil but revolting snakes. You have reached Linkville, the haunting retreat of serpents.

There is a bridge in Linkville that spans Klamath River. From this bridge, which is a vantage point as far as view is concerned, a most extraordinary sight meets the eyes. Along the river banks, at irregular intervals of a few yards, are seen dark balls ranging from a foot to three feet in diameter. They are stationary and as passive as a boulder, which they resemble in color. But if a stone is hurled at any of these strange spheres to your horror snakes will crawl off in every direction, and the ball will melt away as lard melts in a frying pan. The repulsive creatures that have thus been coiled up in a perfect sphere glide away under rocks, and one minute later not a snake is to be seen in that particular spot. But the other balls of snakes in the vicinity are little disturbed by the stone.

As has been said, Linkville is in a very barren district. Nothing whatever grows upon the rocky soil, not even sagebrush. And so the river banks, which are a mass of driftwood and rocks, seem a befitting place for snakes. But it is surprising that they should develop in such great numbers. When not rolled in balls, they may be seen slipping in and out along the rubbish, and the ground for yards will be a squirming, wriggling mass.

These snakes are perfectly harmless. Indeed, if it were not for this fact, Linkville would not be habitable, for, while the immediate neighborhood of the river is their favorite haunt, they roam for many hundreds of yards away and may be seen along the roadways and around the houses and creeping over the porches. They possess a marked degree of tameness. You may pick them up with impunity, and children play with them on the doorsteps.

The Linkville snakes are dark in color, with two yellowish stripes on their backs. The average size is about an inch and a half in diameter and a yard in length though many are smaller and some attain much greater proportions.

A Window Dresser's Happy Hit.

"Funny thing happened to me when I was working for Blankety Blank & Co. in Chicago," said a New Orleans window dresser. "I had a big window on Clark street that seemed as if it was hoodooed. No matter what I put there it appeared to be impossible to attract any attention, and the manager, who was keen as a hawk, began to grumble because he never saw anybody looking in. I used to lay awake nights racking my brains for new schemes, but it was no go. One day, when I was feeling pretty blue, I told our negro porter to clear everything out preparatory to making a big display of a special line of shirts.

"He was a fat, black, trifling fellow, and I guess he must have been out at a cakewalk the night before, for he fell fast asleep in a chair in the middle of the window. I was on the point of waking him up and giving him fits, when I happened to notice how extremely ludicrous he looked. His head was on one side, his enormous mouth wide open, and his limbs relaxed in the oddest postures imaginable; in short, he was a perfect picture of a lazy rascal in happy slumber. That gave me an idea. I didn't say a word, but grabbing a piece of pasteboard I dashed off a sign: 'Dreaming of Our Dollar Shirts,' and stood it quietly against his knees.

"Then I gently rolled up the curtain and awaited developments. Well, the hit that window made is the pet tradition of the store to this day. People simply blockaded the sidewalk, and you could hear them laughing a block away. The funniest part about it was that nobody supposed for a moment it could possibly be the real thing. They thought it was a clever piece of acting, or else a wonderful wax figure. That the coon was actually asleep never occurred to any one, and I stood around with my heart in my mouth for fear the noise would arouse him.

"It didn't, however, and he snored away peacefully until nearly 4 o'clock. Then he woke up with a start, and was so surprised he came near jumping through the plate glass. The spectators howled, and that night the house raised my salary. I tried to work the same scheme afterward, but it was a failure. The darky couldn't pretend worth a cent."

Age Attained by Birds.

We are often asked how long different species of birds live, but there is little definite information to be had on the subject. Recently Mr. J. H. Gurney has brought together a number of statements on this subject, and discusses it at some length. Mr. Dresser, in his "Birds of Europe," gives an instance of a raven having lived 69 years. Mr. Meade-Waldo has in captivity a pair of eagle owls (Bubo maximus), one of which is 68 and the other 53 years old. Since 1864 these birds have bred regularly, and have now reared ninety-three young ones. A Batteleur eagle and a condor in the Zoological Gardens at Amsterdam are still alive at the respective ages of 55 and 52. An imperial eagle of 56, a golden eagle of 47 and a sea eagle of 42, and many other birds of the age of 40 downward, are also recorded.

ON THE COAST LINES.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE BAYS WERE ONCE VALLEYS.

A Highly Interesting and Instructive Talk on "Coastal Topography"—Jersey Coast Said to Be Sinking—California Comparatively a New Country.

Prof. Oscar C. S. Carter, of the Central High School, Philadelphia, gave an illustrated talk before the Engineers' Club, recently, on "Coastal Topography." The subject was treated in a manner quite new to the older members of the club, and illustrated by photographs of various portions of the coast line of North America bordering on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Taking up a definite portion of the coast line, like that of Maine, or an island, like Nantucket, he showed what forces had been at work, ancient, and comparatively recent, to produce the results now seen. The coast line of Maine, its rocky character, studded with islands, is due to the submergence of the mainland; the islands are simply drowned hills; the valleys that intervened have also been submerged.

The islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard have no bed rock, but are made up of morainic material and recent formations, some tertiary and cretaceous. These islands are entirely distinct in character from the rocky islands of Maine, and are made up mostly of sand, clay and gravel. The lantern illustrations gave the general topography of Nantucket, showing the coast line and harbor and the jetty made by the Government, constructed by bringing bowlders weighing several tons each from the coast of Connecticut and dropping them in parallel lines, several hundred yards apart, for a distance of over a mile out from the harbor. The wash of the tide was depended upon to scour out the ship channel thus formed.

Coming down to the coast of New Jersey, a series of slides showed where land was being made and where the sea was cutting it away. This coast also was shown to be sinking. He regarded Delaware Bay as a submerged valley, once high enough to be above the ocean with the river running through it. In like manner the sinking of the coast had produced the Chesapeake Bay, Pamlico Sound and the lagoons that are found along the coast from Norfolk to Florida, making a chain of sounds which could be used for navigation with a few short portages.

On the Pacific Coast the illustrations showed the few harbors to be found there, Santiago, San Dominica, Monterey and San Francisco, in California, and then a few near the Columbia River. He gave as reasons for this scarcity that the mountains and valleys had been lifted up along the shore line, and there had been very little submergence. There were few river valleys, the rivers being mostly "young." Their valleys had been cut out deep and the sides were precipitous, whereas an old, mature valley sloped off in V shape.

Speaking of the alternate submergence and elevation of the coast, he said that in the glacial period, when the ice cap on the entire Northern portion of the United States was a mile thick, and when the Adirondacks stood up as islands and were submerged by the ice sheet, then the weight of that mass of ice pressed down the earth's crust and caused it to sink.

The whole coast line of a continent was not necessarily involved, and the Professor called attention to the fact that the northen coast of Norway was sinking, while the southern coast was being elevated.

New Cure For Lockjaw.

When the Navajo Indian is ailing he builds himself a little hut just large enough to crawl into, plasters it inside and out with mud so as to make it airtight and then, taking with him a heap of stones intensely heated in an adjoining fire, he closes the entrance of his machine hut from within and remains there, violently perspiring until all but suffocated. He then comes out, has a rubdown, which to an Indian is a phenomenon, and believes he is cured, and he generally is.

What is practically the same primitive treatment is now recommended for the cure of lockjaw. This affection, when caused by a wound, has long been considered incurable, and only of late years has it yielded in some degree to the administration of a new class of remedies, among which are the Indian woorali poison, and enormous doses of alcohol. It is now said that all the alarming symptoms of the seizure can be removed by violent perspiration. The case is quoted of a young man whose hand was caught in the gearing of a threshing machine. Part of the skin was carried off. For a fortnight everything seemed to be progressing, but one morning the patient awoke with rigid jaws, intense pain over the sternum, difficult breathing and convulsive starts in the lower limbs.

The doctor immediately put hoops under the bedclothes, in order to prevent their contact with the body, and then got four pots filled with quicklime, which he slightly moistened with water. To prevent the skin from being scorched each pot was wrapped in linen, and then placed on each side of the patient, orders being left with the family to moisten the quicklime occasionally and to change it when exhausted. The heat engendered was so intense that on the first day the bed clothes caught fire. The perspiration induced was beyond all belief; but the patient, though greatly prostrated, was cured, and after a few days of good nourishment and close attention he was able to go to work.

Wall Paper, Ancient and Modern.

A recent issue of Paper Trade contains some interesting points concerning the development of the wall paper industry. While various kinds of printed fabrics were known to the people of most remote antiquity, it was not till the eighteenth century that wall paper in anything like its present form came into common use in Europe, though it appears to have been used much earlier in China.

A few rare examples which may be as early as the sixteenth century exist in England, but these are imitations, generally in "flock," of the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, and hence the style of the design in no way shows the date of the wall paper, the same, traditional patterns being reproduced with little or no change for many years.